

Stare and Stare

Curtis Mayfield

Stare and stare

I look across the aisle at the process he wears
while people sitting back digg-ing my nappy hair.

A sister standing, and no one even cares
we're all just riding with our nose in the air.

Another stop on the bus, some people boarding,
different color then us, they hate to mingle,
but no one makes a fuss, the thing about it
there's no one here we can trust.

Of all the sunday times of preaching

where all the folks that the scripts been reachin.

They're hard to find, like it's a crime to do of good and broth
erhood

seems no one will and the only thrill is doing bad
and that's kind of sad.

So all I'm trying to say, is what a way,
what a way to waste the day.

The black and the old faye working the same jobs for the pay
but it seems here lately we have nothing to say.

Stare and stare

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while people sitting back digging my nappy hair.

A sister standing, and no one even cares

Stare and stare folks!

keep it up!